

an impersonal art  
the photo-vultures hover near  
the dead intellectual  
who sought to rediscover  
out of his alienation  
a human image  
a voice of innocence  
"the Sweet Life."

### Homage To Algren

Same old jazz  
summer in New York on a red rimmed stool  
watching some loony astronaut  
shoot the moon

damp comfort tears  
in a slaughterhouse of sad sacks  
who sink their fevered histories  
into my frozen ear  
yet what of me?

in my pocket a thin lousy dime of courage  
and not a cent of faith

So at  $\frac{1}{4}$  past sex and  $\frac{1}{2}$  past hope  
I up to 42 Street  
to dig the freaks  
lizz and queers, winos and chenangos  
hoods with the monkey, the rough trade,  
marks, sharpies, jostlers, hustlers,  
punks, meatheads, hot-rodders of God  
hooked to the past  
and hot!  
this August day an abstract sweat  
on the bloody, funky hog-calling elect  
and me  
and me

I come up with a fast hustle  
4 nails, a hammer, a folding cross,  
as all the poets gathered love and hunger thin  
my pitch ran like this --

Loneliness is the greatest sin

-- G. Ridley

Van Nuys, California